

Stay with Me Tonight, Tomorrow, and Forever

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Stay with Me Tonight, Tomorrow, and Forever

by [hydrallilies](#)

Summary

It's getting difficult to pass it off as jetlag, when George stays practically shut away in his room for nearly three days. All the while, he's avoided Dream and Sapnap like the plague, despite their long-awaited union *finally* coming to fruition.

And all Dream wants to do, *aches* to do, is pull George into his arms, to hold him, to remind himself that he's *here*. He's not across the ocean anymore. He's *here*.

But, somehow, there's still distance between them.

And it *hurts*. God, it *hurts*.

Or, George arrives in America, but he neglects to tell his friends a crucial piece of information. Cuddles and nighttime talks occur.

Notes

Helllloooo !! <3

I've written two fics before this, but they were on anon (which I've now taken off- peek at my profile and give them a read, too!). I used to write a lot, and this fandom has absolutely drawn me back in with all of its amazing, talented authors. This fic is very dear and comforting to me- I wrote it over the span of a few weeks, and I'd only add onto it when I was feeling particularly down. It was a way to cheer myself up :)

I channeled all my lovesick feelings into this mess of fluff, cuddles, and drowsy kisses. Also- as you may have noticed- George has narcolepsy in this, which is derived from my love of [this fic](#) which has been a major source of comfort to me for a long time. Please go show it some love! <3

I'd like to preface- although George has narcolepsy, it's not super severe, and he doesn't go into cataplexy for the most part. He just gets sporadic sleep attacks, and some separate components are explained further into the fic. It was basically a device I used to make him sleepy so I could write tooth-rotting drowsy cuddles LOL

I really loved writing this, and I might write more for this universe, so stay tuned perhaps :)

My [Twitter](#)

Anyway! Please enjoy hehe

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's something wrong with George.

Not that it's anything life-altering, or even *bad*, necessarily, but there's definitely something amiss.

The thing is- George sleeps a *lot*. Way more than he should.

And Dream *notices* . He's *been* noticing since George arrived three days ago.

Well, maybe not *immediately*.

For the first day or so, he chalked it up to jet lag, which would be commonplace after travelling more than seven hours overseas. His heart had ached, watching his best friend slip in and out of consciousness on the drive back- neck falling lax into a propped-up palm and consequently jerking upright again just as he began to fade into slumber.

Dream had shot him a reassuring smile from the driver's seat, hushing any complaints with a "*Just sleep, George. It's fine, trust me.*"

After that, it took mere minutes for him to comply and gratefully slump against the car door, soft snores drifting from his nose. Dream had winced, knowing the handle was probably digging into his side. A deep-seated desire to make the boy next to him comfortable became nearly overwhelming, as he hastily turned off the radio and made his turns with utmost care. He lightheartedly huffed and assumed George would be awake by the time they pulled into the driveway.

To his surprise, he was wrong.

And, at the time, he'd thought nothing of it. The man was *bound* to be exhausted after the flight. Plus, it was a bit of a treat to see George so peaceful- facial features slack and blushed lips slightly parted.

Dream didn't think he'd ever stop grinning from the sight. The apex of his cheeks hurt with the giddiness fueling his smile.

After hauling his belongings inside, he had given George's shoulder a few firm shakes, ultimately failing to rouse him. Dream gently sighed, unclipping the seatbelt before crouching low to scoop him into the crux of his arms, bridal style.

With a stray foot, he lightly kicked the door shut behind them before readjusting his grip under George's petite frame. The proximity made his heart flutter dangerously close to where the boy's ear was pressed against the flats of his chest.

Dream ebbed it's franticness with a deep breath.

But it was *hard*, having your best friend of six years *finally* cradled in your arms, warm and alive and *here*.

Dream's fingers tightened their grip. An upturned nose dug more firmly against its home in the crease of his neck, and Dream could practically *hear* his pulse skyrocket in his ears.

Yeah, he didn't think he'd ever get used to this.

Dream then proceeded to struggle the rest of the way inside, silently grieving the muscle that used to bulk his limbs years ago.

Shit happens when you become a famous minecraft youtuber, he supposed.

Sapnap had quirked an eyebrow and observed curiously from the kitchen as they entered, a bit bummed he couldn't pull the brit into a bear-hug immediately upon arrival. Instead, after a stern warning glare from his friend, he occupied himself with dragging George's belongings up the stairs to the guest bedroom. All the while, Dream quietly padded in the opposite direction, through the hallway. As much as he'd have loved to put the man in his new bed- his new *room*- there was *no way* he could carry him up the stairs, no matter how small he was. So, Dream settled for depositing George in his own bed, which was much less of a hassle to access.

Although George's arrival was less than ordeal, there was still the long-awaited promise of him rousing in the morning to join the other two.

The promise of sharing their first breakfast together, laughing and joking around the dinner table, and *finally* living all under the same roof. The promise of the 'Dream Team' being united at long last.

Or, George could sleep in all day instead.

Which he did, in fact, end up doing.

And it's not like Dream particularly *cared*. Well, okay, that was a lie. Maybe he cared a little more than he let on.

He and Sapnap had patiently hung out on the couch that morning, nervous excitement threading through their limbs, glancing frequently in the direction of the hallway. But minutes soon melted into hours, and the living room bled dim in the absence of sun. When George stumbled out of Dream's room at *ten thirty* at night, bleary-eyed and groggy, loose shirt askew on one shoulder, there was hardly any time left in the day to cherish his presence.

Still, they managed. Sapnap *finally* got his bear-hug, Dream got to hear his favorite laugh in the world, and George... well, George got more sleep. And it was a curious thing, how the man had slept the entire day away and still had more to give.

Yet the same thing happened the next day.

It hurt, just a little bit. Dream craved his presence like he'd never before, and to see less of George now, when he was *here*, tangible, touchable, *holdable* .

It was bruising his heart.

That's how he is now, wallowing on the same couch he thought he'd be sharing with George each day, alone.

Sapnap had gone to sleep already, leaving Dream in relative silence, other than the hum of the a.c. and the lowered volume of the tv. The room is bathed in a soft myriad of orange and pinks from the setting sun, drenching Dream's thoughts in a mellow glaze. He's been sitting here for what feels like hours.

Even worse, he recalls only seeing George this morning for a meager two hours before his presence vanished again, just as quickly as it appeared.

It's getting difficult to pass it off as jet lag.

Some horrible, self-deprecating part of his mind wonders if it's *him*. If *he's* the reason George spends so much time in his room, away from the life they'd been dreaming of for years. But he squeezes his eyes shut to rid the thoughts away. His hands knot in the fabric of his sweats to calm his racing mind. He instead thinks of the way George had felt pressed against him- how he'd felt buried in his arms, rosy cheek mushed flat against his collarbone.

A shaky breath rattles in his lungs.

In all honesty, he's been worried. He's voiced this to Sapnap, of course, who shares a similar sentiment.

The problem is they don't know how to bring it up. How to properly ask George *why* he's been sleeping so much, *why* he's been avoiding them everyday, *why* he can't find enough time to entertain Dream's desire to make him laugh, *why* his eyes fog over when all Dream wants to do is stare into them forever.

God.

The blond groans, rubbing the bridge of his nose between a forefinger and thumb. An indescribable amount of taxing thoughts weigh him down with powerful intent.

It's even forceful enough to deafen the muted sounds of socked feet on hardwood, gradually increasing in volume as they near.

"Dream?"

The voice is hushed and timid, but Dream still whips his head up at the call of his name.

The same person plaguing his mind like a torrent storm, standing there right in front of him, somehow manages to clear it up as well. All Dream's worries promptly dissolve like sugar, sweetening his blood into syrup. He can taste it on his tongue.

George tends to do that to him.

Dream latches onto the brunet's thin frame, silhouetted against cream walls by the array of dwindling sunset colors. The room's faded to mostly dim light. It makes Dream's mind turn to mush, and he doesn't think he can keep the hearts out of his eyes as they meet George's tired ones.

"Hey," Dream says, a soft, hesitant smile automatically pulling at his lips like marionette strings. "Didn't think I'd see you again today, you vampire." He masks his worry with a teasing lilt.

George scoffs slightly, shuffling to the couch and slumping down next to him.

"And I didn't think you'd still be up," he murmurs. His lanky legs are immediately tucked underneath himself, fuzzy socks peeking out where his cottoned sweats ride up. "And I'm not a vampire, you idiot." He laughs under his breath.

There's a few beats of silence accompanied by a shared smile, and soon Dream has both arms

rested up on the back frame of the couch. A tanned hand unintentionally brushes George's shoulder. He convinces himself he's trying to feign nonchalance at the gesture, even as minute disappointment blankets his mind at the lack of response.

Just as Dream's about to suggest they watch a movie, he's interrupted by a small sigh.

His gaze fixes on George's profile, now outlined only by the gentle luminescent glow of the tv screen.

"Sorry," George says, tilting his head towards the blond. Confusion clouds Dream's eyes. "For calling you that, out of nowhere. I don't- I mean- obviously you're *not* an idiot. Most times."

A modest, uncertain laugh falls from Dream's lips. "Yeah, I know, George. You don't have to tell me that."

It's strange and slightly out of character, since George never had an issue with calling Dream the most *vile* names over internet calls- spewing them with his whole chest. Only now, when they're in person, he for some reason apologizes for it.

'Idiot' had become a term of endearment for the two of them, at this point. Or, at least, it had for Dream.

A frown threatens to tug at his mouth.

Silence's tendrils settle around their limbs once more. It's not suffocating, but nor is it comfortable. There's a lot of unsaid words hanging in the air, mostly from Dream's end, but somehow there's some from George's as well. And it's painful, because all Dream wants to do, *aches* to do, is pull the smaller man into his arms, to *hold* him, to remind himself that George is *here*. He's not across the ocean anymore. He's *here*.

But, somehow, there's still distance between them.

Whatever sitcom on the tv serves as a distraction from the tension, both men inattentively honing their respective gazes onto the screen.

And it *hurts*. God, it *hurts*.

Dream craves desperately to reach out. His desires blare alarms at him when he eyes the foot or so separating their bodies. And it's new for Dream, as he's never been particularly physical with his friends. As close as he and Sapnap are, they do little more than pat each other's backs or deliver the occasional hug.

But *George*.

Whatever George does to him is a powerful, saccharine force. It doesn't help that he looks so *lovely* right now- bathed in low light, smooth planes of his face blurred under the darkness, pretty doe eyes reflecting blue under the tv glare, mussed-up bedhead paired with flyaways and messy fringe. Not to mention the oversized tee he's wearing has haphazardly slipped off the shoulder closest to him, unveiling the pale slope of his collarbone.

God. Dream's heart is in his throat.

Not so subtly, he grazes his wary knuckles along the back of George's head, dark bristles of hair tickling his skin. When there's no complaints, he lets his forefinger and thumb idly twiddle a strand between their grasp, coiling it and uncoiling it at his leisure.

"Your hair's gotten so long," Dream comments, voice lowered to a soft rumble. He allows himself to stare unabashedly at beauty itself.

George turns in his seat a bit and hums. "I meant to cut it before I left, but I forgot to make an appointment." Dream thinks he feels George lean into his touch. It gives him the confidence to card his fingers through it, all four languidly feeling out the length.

"It looks really good on you," Dream says as George lets out a content sigh. "So soft, too. Kinda surprised, but also impressed that you managed to take good care of it."

"What's *that* supposed to mean," George teases, no bite in his words. They're still speaking in hushed voices, as to not disturb the tranquility of the atmosphere.

Dream's fingers bolden their path, pressing each pad against the brunet's scalp and combing through the sides as well. "Mm, just that you've never had to deal with longer hair before. I

dunno.” George is definitely leaning into his hand now, torso swiveled so his chest faces Dream, shoulder pressed into the couch. His eyes are half-lidded, but aware and awake. “I’m glad you didn’t cut it. You’re...” Dream swallows more harshly than he’d have liked, “really, um, pretty with longer hair.”

Ethereal sits on the tip of his tongue. He catches it before it flies out.

At his flustered words, George *giggles*.

And Dream doesn’t even care that it’s at his expense. Because his heart *soars*.

The laugh is gentle and sickly sweet, dripping with thickened honey as it filters through Dream’s ears. Each sound gums up his senses and lingers behind his sternum. He lets them dwell and simmer- maybe he’d even let them live there, too. Because it’s here, in this horridly-lit living room, with soft hair between his fingers and a warm presence against his forearm, that he realizes every piece of George shares a home in his heart.

Dream scooches forward a smidge, and he thinks he sees George shuffle forwards as well. Candied petals of divine pleasure bloom in his core as he brings his palm to the brunet’s forehead, combing through layers of velvety chocolate brown from front to back. He pauses briefly to admire his hidden widow’s peak before repeating the motion a few times.

Dream is sure he has a flush to the skin of his cheeks, if the mirth in George’s lidded eyes has anything to say.

“I’m not joking, George,” Dream murmurs airily. Overwhelming adoration smothers his judgement. “You’re so, *so* pretty. And I’m just... I’m so fucking happy I can see it in person finally.” A small frown etches its way onto his lips. “I just wish I could’ve seen you more these past few days. We’re... we’re worried about you, you know?”

At that, George’s unsteady gaze flickers away, honing in on the cushion separating their limbs. There’s a moment of consideration as quietness blankets their bubble. He inhales sharply before fixing his eyes blankly along Dream’s chest- an invisible speck of dust, perhaps.

“I-I know,” he breathes, “I knew you guys would notice pretty fast. I just...*fuck*, just, give me a sec.”

A crease worries itself between Dream's eyebrows as they draw together, observing as George scrunches his eyes shut, lips downturned.

Absentmindedly, his hand finds its place on the nape of George's neck, calloused thumb drawing idle circles into pale skin. It, just like everything else about him, is soft. A small flame rekindles in his stomach at the thought. Dream allows George to sit there for a moment, basking in the otherwise calm, homely feeling in the air.

Eventually, George's eyes crack back open, the line of his mouth drawn straight. There's a disgruntled, far-off look to his expression.

When their eyes lock once more, Dream feels a pang in his chest when he notices the cloudiness to George's stare. It's a sight he knows all too well, having seen it a plethora of times in the past few days.

It's the prelude to George disappearing back to his room. To George *leaving* him. To fresh bruises on Dream's heart. To unwanted distance . To *separation*.

The fear is enough to have him inching closer, so close their thighs graze together, just to negate the flurry of thoughts in his head. Dream's arm completely hooks itself around George's shoulders now, fingers playing with the frayed sleeve of his shirt.

"George," Dream whispers, leaning close and patting his arm a few times, "you okay?"

George blinks a few times to clear the haze, brows drawing together in frustration. "Yeah. Yes, 'm fine, Dream, I jus' gotta..." he trails. His speech is slurred, mouth working in sluggish movements around each syllable.

"George, you look like you're gonna fall asleep again," Dream mutters, bringing his other hand forward to cup his cheek.

A warm puff of air hits the skin of his arm. Goosebumps break out along his neck. "No, 'm not..." As George speaks, his head drops lax onto the tanned bicep draped around his shoulders, using it as a makeshift pillow. "I'm jus' tired, s'all. I have... mmmph," the last word is cut off as he buries his face into the warmth of Dream's skin to wake himself up, nuzzling his nose along a splatter of freckles.

To say Dream's face is on fire would be an understatement.

He's sure there's no blood left in his body- it's all culminated on his cheeks, his chest, his ears. There's a shakiness to his breathing, and *oh god*, he's having trouble breathing. Thick, syrupy love oozes through the slats of Dream's ribs, mixing with his blood and lighting fire to his veins, fraying nerves and sending hair to stand pin-straight along his limbs.

George's eyes are mere slits at this point, struggling to focus on where Dream stares concerningly (and flusteredly) back.

"Hey," Dream whispers, the tender hand along George's jaw tracing comforting patterns on the swell of his cheek, "you can go to sleep if you can't stay awake, Georgie. Just... maybe don't leave me this time?" He sends a sheepish look.

Another frustrated huff leaves George's nose, right where it's smushed against Dream's arm. Blindly, he reaches his arms out, pawing at Dream's sides and hooking pale fingers into the folds of his shirt.

"Fine... c'mere, idiot," George mumbles. There's an amused grin painting his lips.

And *god*, Dream *doesn't care*. Doesn't care about the circumstances that led them here. Doesn't care that George is already half-asleep, delirious against his side. Doesn't care that they're on the couch, and there's probably not enough room. Because he finally gets to hold the boy who makes stars glow behind eyelids, creates galaxies with his laugh, sings hymns with his smile.

It's imperfect, but it's *them*, and Dream is content with that.

Finally, Dream can pull George in by the arm around his shoulders. He can let George's face fall into the concave of his neck- feel the flutter of his eyelashes and the pillowy softness of cherry lips against his skin. He can cup the nape of his neck to ensure he stays there- press their chests together and cradle his small frame in both arms. He can have George's fingers balled up in his shirt, searing ash trails into his skin beneath the cloth- marking him permanently in a way he'll never know. He can bury his nose into chestnut hair- lose himself to the floral scent he finds there, lingering after his shower this morning.

And Dream can't help the lovesick sigh that escapes the clutches of his throat. It rustles the strands against his face. Prickly tingles flare through his nerves as they tickle his flushed skin.

Gently, Dream eases backwards, fully laying flat against the couch with George sandwiched between his body and the cushions, half-draped across his chest.

Dream knows he's in deep from the moment they're sidled together.

Breath stutters against buzzing skin. Waves lap at consciousness with soothing repetitiveness. Toes curl against downy, plush socks. Legs slot together like two pieces belonging to separate puzzles. It's nearly suffocating, the amount of overpowering fondness Dream feels flooding his bloodstream in response to this newfound intimacy. Although the armrest ensures he'll have a kink embedded in his nape tomorrow, he'd stay like this forever if given the chance.

His voice is tenderly dry when he speaks again. "Alright," Dream breathes, unmistakable joy lacing his words, "go to sleep, George. I'll be here when you wake up, okay?"

There's an incoherent grumble where George's face digs into his neck, and Dream can't help the small laugh he lets loose. The butterflies in his stomach grow frenzied, swarming his vision and bubbling against the roof of his mouth.

His arms tighten around narrow shoulders, squeezing once, *twice*, just to be sure he isn't dreaming. But he *isn't*.

So Dream indulgently presses a small, fleeting kiss into the crown of his favorite boy's head, distinctly feeling the hand on his chest drift to circle firmly around his torso. It's a subtle way of saying, "*yes, I'm here, I'm not going anywhere.*"

And it's nothing short of nirvana, for Dream. He's gone to heaven and come back several times over.

It's obvious when George inevitably fades into slumber, given the emergence of gentle snores and the jelly of his limbs where they're situated around Dream's upper half. And still, Dream holds him like he's the most precious thing in the world. Maybe the circles he's rubbing into the sliver of exposed alabaster skin where his shirt rides up get a little firmer, even. He doesn't know how long he defocuses, not when his insides have turned to gooey cotton, comprehension blurry around the edges with the presence of an angel in his arms. His ankle hooks more securely around the brunet's calf, further melding their bodies together.

Dream doesn't think he'll ever feel close enough.

Emptiness that had plagued him for days prior is replaced by a hurricane of endearment instead. And it's scary, just how much Dream loves. *Just* how much room his heart makes for each fragment of George to fit snugly inside.

But then again, it isn't surprising. It's not like he does a very good job of hiding his affection- not when a sucrose-incrusted tongue forms around George's name every time it's uttered, not when his voice lowers to a doting tenor on streams, and not when he's here, the boy of his fantasies encased in his hold with a dove fluttering within the cage of his ribs.

God, it's *terrifying*, how much Dream loves. So, *so* terrifying.

And he doesn't keep track of how much time passes as he's neck-deep in the tarpit of his emotions. But he registers that it's probably been a *while*. He might've even drifted into a doze at some point. George had wriggled downwards a bit in his sleep reverie, just enough where his cheek could press against Dream's chest and tuck into the fabric of his tee. Dream silently mourns the smell of George's shampoo.

He exhales with a little more force than normal before muting the tv and pulling out his phone. It had been shoved uncomfortably beneath his hip, too scared to jostle the sleeping man in his arms to retrieve it. Turning it on, he frantically lowers the brightness and enables dark-mode, letting out a relieved sigh when George remains fast asleep.

Dream sinks a little lower into the snug comfort of George's warm embrace before idly thumbing through Twitter, blinking the threads of drowsiness out of his vision.

Absently, the hand smoothed along George's side drifts a bit further up the exposed skin, disappearing under the loose shirt that'd ridden up a while before. A broad palm grazes over the flats of George's ribcage, then comes back down again, halting at the hem of his sweats.

It's a delightfully dizzying cycle, as the motion repeats over and over, friction leaving Dream's hand humming with electricity.

Intoxicating, Dream decides. He can't seem to stop his hand from mapping out the expanse of George's back, ingraining the juts of his shoulder blades, spine, and hipbones into his fingertips. Nothing has felt more *right* in his life, the way George's milky skin indents with the slightest press

of his touch, the way George's muscles unconsciously arch into his palm, the way- *god*- the way George's entire lower back is blanketed by just *one* of his hands.

"*Fucking hell*," Dream mutters under his breath, tilting his head skywards to stare bullet holes into the ceiling.

And the plea is practically inaudible, mostly meant for himself and the wisps of Eros in the air. He tries to calm down a bit, focusing on the device in his hand and forcing the other to cease its movements, allowing the print of his palm to simmer against the skin between George's shoulder blades. It's unbelievably warm, and it rises and falls in tandem with the brunet's breathing.

Dream forcefully snaps his attention back to his phone. Google is pulled up, which he doesn't even remember doing. But the search bar still stares back at him all the same, cursor blinking enticingly in place.

With an inquisitive glance at the curled-up form on his chest, Dream begins to type.

why do i fall asleep so much throughout the day

Ivory teeth chew at a chapped lip before hitting enter. He doesn't mean to pry, or to even speculate on George's issues, but he can't help it. Curiosity's a bitch, and Dream's learned this the hard way, many times over.

The results bring him to somewhat boring explanations, ranging from sleep deprivation to side-effects from medications.

What *does* catch his eye, however, is the bolded phrase *sleep disorders* . It seems to be a link, so Dream opens it hesitantly in another tab. After scrolling and skimming through symptoms of each, a deep frown etches its way onto his lips when the last one is read multiple times through.

The realization sets in much easier than he thought it would. Maybe he already subconsciously knew it had to be something like this.

Narcolepsy.

George has narcolepsy. The symptoms fit him to a T.

The phrases '*sudden sleep attacks*' and '*daytime drowsiness*' paint the backs of his lids.

The skin between Dream's eyebrows furrow as he lets the information settle into his bones, an uncomfortable ache expanding just beneath George's head. A distinct feeling of sadness settles in his throat as he asks himself why he never knew. Why *George*, his best friend who tells him *everything*, would keep such a significant portion of himself locked away.

Out of sight. Out of grasp of Dream's heart. The heart that desires so desperately to house *every piece* of George inside of it.

He isn't mad, of course, not at all. He doesn't think he could ever be mad with George. More or less, he's just left *confused*. Floundering in his own mind, trying to answer the *why* with indecipherable, made-up reasons. His expression is taut with inner skepticism.

But then, there's movement below his eyelid.

Dream quickly exits the app and sets the phone aside as George stirs in his arms. Another smile smears across his lips. It's unavoidable, how instant the switch is. There's always happiness as long as he's reminded George is still *here*, tucked beneath his stubbled jaw and snuggled against the line of his body.

A muffled grunt is breathed against freckled skin, a deep flush blooming where it hits. Some garbled words slip from George's lips as he tries to rouse himself, the arm draped across Dream's middle coming up to rub haphazardly at a bleary eye.

Dream gives him time to come to, watching silently as the groggy man props himself up on an elbow and lets loose an obnoxious yawn. Weakly, his head lifts up, just enough to tilt and meet Dream's viridian gaze.

"Dr'm...?" The word is slurred with disorientation, and Dream lets out a huff of laughter in response. He wonders distantly if George can hear the way his heart stutters. Hair that'd been pressed into the cottony material of the blond's shirt now sticks up in sporadic cowlicks, while the

cheek he'd slept on is cherry red, indents of his resting space embedded into skin. "Why 'm I not... 'n bed...?"

Dream brings the hand that'd been holding his phone to rake through George's hair, attempting and failing to smooth it down. "You fell asleep on me. Said you didn't mind staying here," he whispers back. "Is that okay?"

"I- yeah. 'S fine." George shifts slightly, pauses, then shifts *again*, as if unsure of what he felt the first time.

Sudden realization dawns upon his expression. A brilliant, scarlet blush sweeps across the apples of his cheeks, creeping in saturated waves down his neck and chest.

At first, Dream is confused at the flustered display, lifting an eyebrow in silent question.

"Why're you looking at me like that?"

George blinks once, twice, *three* times. He looks like a deer in headlights. "Your uhm... hand's *really* warm," he says, breaking eye contact as Dream analyzes his words. Then, he realizes.

Oh. *Oh*.

Dream abruptly yanks the palm that'd still been splayed over George's shoulder blades out from under his shirt, a string of apologies loaded on the tip of his tongue. They fire in rapid succession.

"Sorry! Sorry, oh *god*, I just- I mean- I wasn't really paying attention to what I was doing and sorta, um, forgot what I was-"

George cuts off Dream's rambling with a reassuring smile and a dismissive wave of his hand. "Stop apologizing, Dream," he breathes, soothing and silk-laden with intention. Tired giggles pull from his chest. "It felt nice. Just surprised me, 's'all." Their locked gaze snaps in two as George's head eases back down onto Dream's chest, lashes tickling a defined collarbone where it peeks from a stretched-out collar. A content, thoughtful hum verberates from George's larynx. "You're like a portable heater, Jesus Christ." It's teasing, but truthful.

And Dream knows he should say something, *anything* really, but his judgement is lost- swept up in the fact he doesn't know where to put his *fucking* hands and *oh god* his breathing has gone all shaky again.

Focus.

"Sorry," he manages, arm still awkwardly hovering a few inches above George's spine.

There's a hearty scoff from George. "I told you to stop apologizing, idiot." He pauses to blindly reach across his body for the arm that'd gone stiff. Lithe fingers wrap around the blond's clammy hand and tuck it towards his chest, securly looping it in place around his shoulders once more.

Dream swears he feels fireworks crackle beneath his skin when pale, tentative digits sooth his bronze flesh with patterns that leave him reeling. He watches with rapt attention as George traces the veins on the back of his hand with lazy exploration, absentmindedly playing with the space between his knuckles.

"I always knew your hands were bigger than mine," George murmurs. His voice is hoarse with dwindling somnolence.

A shiver licks up Dream's spine. "Yeah?"

"Mm. But they feel..." George trails, grasping for proper words, "safe, in a way. And they're surprisingly gentle."

As if in response, Dream's hand returns the gesture, thumbing across the ridges of George's knuckles instead.

"Only because it's you." There's a tremble to Dream's inflection as he says this. The pounding of his heart makes it difficult to keep his words steady. "You just feel so-- so *small* like this, I guess."

George scoffs. "You *guess*?" his tone is exasperated. "You *know* I can see all the fanart you like, right? "

In subtle retaliation, Dream drops George's palm, lowering his hand down, down, until it can splay across the bony hip he finds there. It delivers a firm *squeeze*, and George squirms and twitches in response.

"Yes, dumbass. And you *are* small, see? I can cover your entire back with one hand, basically," Dream states. It's a definite hyperbole, but it doesn't stop him from applying another burst of pressure.

"Dream, *stop*, oh my god," George breathes, opaque mirth saturating his lips.

They both giggle a bit, and Dream eventually settles his limb to rest along the line of George's back.

A comfortable quietness blankets the both of them, only broken by the hum of cicadas beyond the half-pulled drapes. It's still fairly dark outside- reinforcing the fact that neither of them had slept for long.

Dream blinks.

Right. *Sleep*.

The Google search bar flashes behind his eyes as a gentle reminder. A reminder that they need to *talk*.

"George," Dream whispers, eyeing the goosebumps that bloom along his neck as hot breath rustles chocolate-rich hair. It's poised as a question.

"Yeah?"

"Do you-" the blond cuts himself off, unsure, "do you, um, want to talk? About..." Dream gestures vaguely with his hand.

"About..." George presses, clearly oblivious to the direction Dream is trying to steer them in.

The cicadas outside hum louder. “About, well, *you*. Or, the *lack* of you, I guess. ”

Uncharacteristic silence meets his ears.

“Oh.” The word is clipped, and George fidgets with the hem of Dream’s tee.

A sympathetic weight curls below Dream’s sternum as he answers, mind growing slightly restless. He encouragingly tucks a displaced lock of hair behind George’s ear, and languidly allows himself to comb through it. The action is more for him than it is for George.

Dream steels himself to ask.

“George, do you- do you have...?”

He trails unintentionally. It’s a meek whisper, blunt yet drenched in care. The fingers combing through dark hair stutter in their path. If George notices, he doesn’t let it be known.

There’s a reserved sigh, and Dream can feel warm air drift across his skin where George’s cheek meets chest.

“...Narcolepsy? Yes.”

So he was right.

Dream’s mouth forms a harsh line. “Why didn’t you tell me...?”

George tucks his body closer against Dream’s, fisting the material of his shirt. “Are you mad at me? For not telling you, I mean.”

“I’m not- I’m not *mad* at you, George,” Dream answers honestly. “I’m just... confused, I think.”

A shudder zips up Dream's spine as George's cool palm slips underneath his shirt, just barely, and thumbs the sensitive skin of his side. The muscles in his abdomen coil tight under each graze. It's distracting, to say the least.

"It's dumb," George starts. "I just- It's always been *easy* for me to deal with it behind a screen. I could manage my sleep attacks while we talked by just *leaving* the voice call . But here..." A frown etches its way onto his face. Dream can feel it even through the layer of clothing between them. "Here, it's a lot more... intimidating, I guess. Because there's the possibility I could fall asleep in the middle of a conversation with you guys, but this time there's no way to get out of it."

Understanding makes its home behind Dream's eyes. "So that's why you stay in your room? To avoid it?"

A single nod.

One long, drawn out breath escapes the clutches of Dream's lungs. "I would've helped, you know? Sappnap, too. We'd do anything to make you feel comfortable here." The hand sifting through George's hair resumes its tender caress.

"I know. I just wasn't thinking rationally. This- this isn't even a big part of my life, if I'm honest. I'm used to dealing with it, by myself, at home. But here," he stops, wetting his lips before continuing, "I have a hard time coping with it. New place and stuff. Not to mention the travelling and jetlag fucked me up a little more than normal."

An understanding hum vibrates beneath George's head. It presses him forward. "I guess I just thought I could sort it out by myself, like I usually do." Sheepishly, he raises himself upwards, rolling to lay completely on top of Dream, chest to chest. He meets surprised green eyes with gradually-diminishing embarrassment. "Clearly, I was wrong, because we ended up like- well-" He clears his throat. "Like *this*."

There's no heart left to beat within the confines of Dream's chest. Because George has reached inside and stolen it, with the way he is now. Thin legs straddling the swell of larger thighs, propping his torso up with his hands on either side of Dream's ribcage. Cushions dipping where his blushed palms meet their surface.

The collar of George's loose tee slips further downwards, and Dream does his best to not stare.

But *god*, it's hard not to.

Like the fragile surface tension of a water droplet, Dream *breaks*. Because *George* is hovering over him, looking into his eyes with a warmth and passion he only hopes is reflected back in his own. Because now Dream *knows*, and he can expect the unexpected when George inevitably dozes off.

An optimistic voice in the back of his head tells him it'll mean more of *this*. Of cuddling, touching, and *worshipping* the boy above him.

"Well, if it's anything, I don't mind ending up like this at *all*, George," Dream says softly, a boyish, toothy grin splitting across his lips. "I, um, really like holding you."

George smirks, leaning forwards a bit more. "Well, that's good." He's close now, so close Dream can feel puffs of warm hair hit his cheeks everytime George exhales. "Because I didn't mind it either."

Dream counts each hazel freckle that adorns George's cheeks. They're sparse, and he bets they'd form a constellation if he drew a line between them all. He brings both hands up to cup the angled jaw that most people would die for, and skirts his thumbs over each dot. His skin is supple and smooth. It's like that everywhere, as Dream learned tonight.

Overwhelming affection, adoration, *love*, builds with each touch. Dream thinks he's sent to heaven when George tilts his head to lean into his palm.

Unknowingly, a question bubbles up his throat and sears hot coals over his tongue. Anxiety flutters like caged birds in his stomach. An overwhelming pressure builds and builds against the coals, dissolving his rationale and- oh *god*. His mouth flies open before it can clamp shut.

"Can I kiss you?"

It's merely a whisper. A *tendrill* of a sentence, suspended in the tense air around them.

Somehow, George catches it.

Dream watches as his doe eyes widen ever-so-slightly in recognition, but the locked lift of his mouth remains.

Instead of answering, George simply sighs- a wistful, pleased sigh- and closes the distance between them. But, he avoids Dream's lips.

He's saving them for last.

Tender kisses are pressed into each cheek, both eyelids, a splatter of freckles, the dip of skin below his ear. They're peppered along the line of his jaw and the tip of his nose, the arch of his brow and the crease of his smile.

All the while, Dream *melts*. His clarity goes all hazy, a blur smoothing the edges of his vision. He's sure he looks high off his mind right now, under the affections of George's touch.

Finally, he pulls back, just enough to where their noses brush. Dream's cupid's bow grazes the plush skin of George's upper lip. A spike of gratification races through his bloodstream at the contact.

And, in the end, Dream's not sure who closed the gap. But the thought's abandoned as fast as it came. He can't bring himself to *care*. Not when he's kissing the prettiest man in his life- cupping the back of his neck to press them closer and twirling the curled hair at the base of his neck. A satisfied hum vibrates against his lips as George drips burning magma onto his tongue. The fire sears its path through his veins and lights his nerves ablaze. It's a feeling he *never* wants to forget.

George's lips are soft and slightly gummed with residual sleep. Dream kisses with enough force to almost taste it.

There's still a fluorescent glow from the tv screen, rebounding off the walls and washing a cold light against the sides of their melded bodies. It's dark, otherwise. Dream fears he's dreaming.

But George strips those worries away, pressing the line of himself against the man below him, snaking a hand up to bury into blond hair. Dream shakily grasps George's thin waist between his palms, *feeling* the shiver that runs up his spine.

There's a playful nip to Dream's bottom lip, and then, there's a tongue slipping through the crease of his mouth.

A startled noise escapes his nose, but he doesn't pull away. Of course he doesn't. He angles his head to taste the back of George's teeth instead, their mouths sloppily working against each other in an inexperienced push and pull. They learn together.

Here, in the low light around 5 a.m., Dream feels his insides splitting in two. A chasm digs its way through his heart and corrodes the dam that guards his love. Love that now floods the movement of his lips and builds pressure behind his eyes. His lashes are damp within seconds.

It's all he's ever wanted and more.

Dream's palms slither under George's shirt again, but this time, they've already grown familiar with the expanse of skin that meets their touch. They trail hot paths over the grooves of his rib cage, the juts of his shoulders, the bumps of his spine, the curve of his hips. They eventually settle to cradle the dip of his waist, thumbs pressing indents into the softness of his belly, drawing little circles where they grip.

A breathy moan slips from George's tongue onto Dream's, and he swears his vision goes white. It tastes like the sun itself.

Dream pulls back, and the air feels cool and crisp in his lungs as he inhales. Through his lidded gaze, he watches as George fixes him with a small smile. A thumb from a hand he didn't know was on his jaw swipes across the apple of his cheek.

It's wet when it finishes.

"You're crying," George whispers, brows lacing in slight worry.

It's then that Dream registers the tracks of hot droplets that've gathered at his chin. He doesn't know when he started crying.

"I guess I am." It's a wonder that his voice still works. He clears the sand that coats his throat

before releasing his secrets into the air. “Just... really happy, is all. I’ve been wanting to do that for a long time.”

George hums. He drops his forehead to rest on Dream’s shoulder, pressing a firm peck onto his collarbone. “That’s not very surprising,” he teases.

Dream huffs, but doesn’t offer a response. He favors turning his head to nip gently at the brunet’s earlobe, then trailing open-mouthed kisses along the column of his throat. The breaths against his skin grow heavier when Dream delivers a harsh *suck* to a section of flesh. He worries it between the enamel of his teeth, before soothing the skin with an apologetic, honeyed kiss.

He repeats this a few times, craning his neck to reach any exposed skin at his mercy. George is gasping now, little noises punching from his lungs each time Dream’s tongue flattens against his throat.

“*Dream,*” George breathes, muffled where his face is shoved into the blond’s neck.

Bold fingers tease the sensitive skin of Dream’s navel. They pass over the thin happy trail just above the seam of his sweats, before snaking up, up, to rest on the flushed expanse of his chest. A pleased sigh tumbles out of Dream’s mouth.

They feel so close, like this. Like a little part of themselves have been swapped, entwining their souls together.

It doesn’t take long for Dream’s jaw to grow tired, mouth numb around the edges and muscles straining with lack of energy. He allows his head to slump against the armrest again, circling his arms tightly around George’s shoulders. Like hell he’d ever let go.

“Can we... stay like this? For a little longer, at least?” Dream asks.

A few giggles wrack through George’s body. They’re airy and sickly sweet when they hit Dream’s ears.

“Alright, I *suppose* we can,” he says, “but we’ve gotta lay on our sides. Your boney-ass ribs are hurting me.” Dream scoffs and delivers a lighthearted slap to his back. “Ow.”

“Oh my god, shut up George, that didn’t hurt at all. I barely touched you,” Dream replies exasperatedly. Endeared wheezes threaten to escape his lungs, but he smothers them down.

“Doesn’t change the fact that your ribs are still digging into me.” As if to emphasize his point, George shoves his fingers between two of the C-shaped bones, giggling as Dream jolts up to hastily bat the offending hand away.

“*George!* That *hurt*,” he hisses between gritted teeth, rubbing at the spot to ebb the lingering pain away. It didn’t hurt *that* much, really, but he upps the theatrics to fuel his own amusement.

George simply shrugs. “Well maybe if your ribs weren’t so sharp it’d hurt less, *Dream*.”

And Dream just blinks back. A poorly-concealed smirk lifts the edges of his lips, just barely. “You’re *such* an idiot.” He doesn’t have to hide the hearts in his eyes when he says it this time. George sticks out his tongue playfully, leaning close, and Dream rolls his eyes in mock defeat. “Alright, alright,” he sighs, easing them both over and onto their sides, all the while keeping a tight grip around George’s shoulders so he doesn’t fall off the couch, “now shut up and let me hold you.”

George grumbles a bit, seemingly settling down and abandoning his act. But after a few seconds of being pressed into a warm collarbone, he leans away again with an embarrassed pull to his features.

Dream tilts his head in question. “What?” he asks with a lift of his brow.

The flustered disgruntlement doesn’t fade, and George pushes himself away a bit further so he can properly speak.

“Okay, first off, you look- you look like a constipated puppy right now. But I just wanted to ask you to-- I mean, can you, um,” the brunet stumbles, eyes fixing on a spot just below Dream’s eyes, “can you...” his nose scrunches in distaste, “*spoon* me, please?”

Immediately, a teasing glint reflects off Dream’s pupils, his sly grin unveiling ivory teeth. “Aww, does Georgie wanna be *spooned*? By *me*?”

With a stiff hand and a huff, George shoves Dream's face away from his own. "*God*, you're insufferable. I just hate that word so much. Sounds weird."

"Still, though. You wanna be *spooned*," George hits his chest with a fist, "by me. Heh." Dream's mocking smirk smoothes itself out. "Turn around, then. I won't let you fall." And although Dream says this with a joking tone, he's still being honest. George knows this, too.

It's a bit of an awkward arrangement, but Dream keeps his word, and soon George's back is sidled against the blond's broad chest, a tanned forearm locked around his middle.

It feels secure, *safe*.

There's no hesitance when Dream's leg slips between slightly thinner ones. They play lazy footsie without really realizing it. Because George is caught up in the way Dream's body feels pressed against his like this, tucked along the front of his form with such tenderness it makes his heart ache. Because Dream is busy savoring the tickle of George's hair against his nose where it's dug a home, sweeping absentminded kisses along the expanse of his nape.

Dream's palm slips under George's shirt and flattens against the hot planes of his stomach. He *presses*, pulling the man impossibly closer to his chest.

And that's how they lay for what feels like hours. Breaths sluggish and quiet, feet brushing against shins, content twin smiles lifting lips, hearts beating in sync just inches away from each other. They don't recall if either of them doze off at any point, or if they even manage to stay conscious through their little slice of paradise, but regardless, the sun soon rises.

With it comes a flood of golden light, cancelling out the cold luminosity of the tv. Cream walls are set ablaze with an onslaught of pinks and yellows from the sky, and soon, the same light falls upon the tangled figures sprawled on the couch. Dream feels heat sink into his bones as sunlight kisses his exposed skin. George stretches a little. His toes flex under the fuzzy socks that conceal them, and it reminds Dream of a rousing cat.

They stay there, eyes still slipped shut, soaking in the early morning sun and comforting weight of each other's bodies. Nightly paradise melts into a daytime haven.

But there's so much on Dream's mind. And he can't resist murmuring a question into the fluff of George's hair. It's to quell the anxious flutter in his stomach.

“You won’ go t’ your room next time, right?”

His speech is low, gritty, and a little slurred. The rumble of it reverberates through George’s chest. And yet, he doesn’t startle at the sound.

“No,” he whispers. His lithe fingers drift to lace with the ones grazing his waist. They lock in place, slotting together as if they’d been doing it for years. Dream’s breath is stolen once more at George’s next words.

“I think I’ll find you, instead.”

End Notes

Ty for reading :)

Keep your eyes peeled for a possible continuation (may be nsfw or sfw, idk yet, and only if you liked my writing, of course)!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!